

# THE CINCINNATI STAR

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REMOVALS "for cause" and promotions "for merit" is the way Secretary Schurz announces his intention of running the Interior Department.

That the slate-makers knew nothing of the President's intentions is shown again by the appointment of Fred. Douglass to the place put down for Col. L. C. Weir.

A RUSSIAN Professor in the Geneva University bears the ominous name of Dragomanoff. If he will come to this country he will stand a first-rate chance of a place on the police force.

HON. STANLEY MATTHEWS was selected by the Republican caucus last night for United States Senator to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Hon. John Sherman, and will be elected by the Legislature next Tuesday.

VICE PRESIDENT WHEELER, determined not to be outdone in the matter of cutting loose from customs of the past, now dispenses with the rap of the gavel at the commencement of business, simply taking his seat and remarking, "The Senate is now in order."

PRESIDENT HAYES would do a very graceful act and one in accordance with the policy he has laid down, by inviting Minister Washburne to remain as Representative of our Government at Paris. Gentlemen who are now rubbing up in their French with a view to taking the place would be disappointed, but the Government would be greatly the gainer by it.

THE statement that the project of new elections in South Carolina and Louisiana has been abandoned by the President warrants the conclusion that such a course was never seriously considered. Elections for State officers could only be held under State laws, and probably neither of the States has a provision which would permit of such a course. One or the other of the Governors in each of the States was duly elected, and the only course is to decide which is the one. The project of new elections would not work in these cases any better than in the matter of the disputed Presidency.

## ELECTING A PRESIDENT.

The New York World publishes and comments at great length upon a new plan for electing the President and Vice President of the United States, prepared by Mr. Thomas Hare, of London, and modified by Mr. Simon Sterne. The system as a whole is not applicable to our Government. It was prepared by a man unacquainted with our local wants, and who had only a theoretical knowledge of the workings of a republican form of government. The writer is, however, a man of profound learning, and having carefully studied the general subject of elections and representative governments, is authority on all abstract questions arising thereunder. The matter of minority representation has been his special study, and he has made himself champion of the cause in England.

So far as this theory enters into the plan Mr. Hare's suggestions are well worthy the most careful study of our statesmen. The people are not satisfied with our present plan of selecting a President and Vice President, and changes will and ought to be made previous to another Presidential election. Whether or not the whole Electoral system should be swept away and the selection made directly by the people is a very grave question. In such a case, where three or four candidates were run, it would sometimes be impossible to get a majority for any one, and the election by a mere plurality might make a man President with such a small proportion of the votes of the whole as not to command popular respect, and thereby invite still another Constitutional change in the manner of making the election. But the minority system in Mr. Hare's plan would completely obviate this by making every man's vote finally count for one or the other of the most popular candidates. He proposes that every voter who desires shall vote for a first, second, third and fourth choice for President. The ballot in the first instance to be counted for the voter's favorite, then the votes cast for the less popular candidates recounted as to the next choice, dropping out those who have received the least till the votes are all divided between the successful candidate and his strongest opponent. To make the matter clearer, we will illustrate by supposing a case like the last campaign. For President there are four candidates in the field, Hayes, Tilden, Cooper and Smith. A voter prefers Smith above all others; next to him he desires the success of

Cooper; but as between the other two he is a Tilden man. Without a fear of throwing away his ballot he would vote for Smith and endorse his preference as next for Cooper, then Tilden. When the count comes the vote would first be counted as cast. The candidate voted for being found lowest in the list the ballot would be transferred to its first preference. He not being by all the original votes and preferences brought up with the other two, the vote would finally be counted for Tilden. By this system no one would of necessity throw away his vote, but every citizen could actually have a voice in the selection of the candidate. Besides it would give an opportunity for the expression of opinion which is not now afforded, because, in cases where it is known not to be possible to elect, voters are not inclined, for the sake of expressing their real sentiments, to lose the chance of taking the next best.

In a Government like ours, that system is most desirable which assures the fairest and fullest expression of the voice of the people. This feature of Mr. Hare's plan seems to come nearer what we need than any method that has yet been presented, and we believe will, in time, be engrained in some way upon our electoral system.

## THE MELANCHOLY DOOM OF CARLOTTA.

Can any fate, asks the London Echo, be more melancholy than that which has befallen forever the life of one of her majesty's consorts? Some twenty years ago society in London was charmed for a short time by the presence of one of the loveliest creatures that ever breathed. The only daughter of a wise and honored king, she had accompanied her father to see that incomparable assemblage of works of art which Manchester astonished the world in 1857. A month or two later the Princess Carlotta became the bride, at the age of seventeen, of an accomplished prince, brother of an emperor, the Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian of Austria, and her prospect was that of a most happy, honorable, and useful life. Such it was for seven short years, when the tempter came, in the person of Louis Napoleon. Then followed the anxieties of the mock marriage of Mexico, and the wretched death, in June, 1867, of Napoleon III. It is no news that the unhappy widow of the late emperor has been insane ever since; but now we learn that one of the most experienced physicians in such cases on the Continent, pronounces the Empress Carlotta incurable. Her health is good, and her mind being in a state of perfect tranquility, she expects the early return of her husband. It is said that her already great beauty has increased. She lives in an imaginary world, talks with imaginary visitors and friends, and finds solace in this harmless delusion, while she ignores the people around her as if they were not. So far in this latter notion carried, that she disdains the services of a maid, and performs her own toilet. To maintain the opinion that she is still empress, upon which her life seems to depend, one special copy is printed for her of the *Almanach de Gotha*, that unquestionable witness of high birth, in which the Court of Mexico holds its place as in 1867.

A DEAD-LETTER SEAL.—Under the International Postal Union the United States Post-office must return to the countries from which they are sent, and without being opened, all letters received at the Dead-letter Office. Nearly every country abroad uses the finest materials for envelopes, and it is not surprising, after their rough usage in the mails, that they should present a very dilapidated appearance when they have had the misfortune to be up at the Dead-letter Office. To remedy this as far as possible, the Post-office has just adopted a design for an official seal to be attached to all dead (foreign) letters before returning them. The design is oblong, nearly two inches in length by one in width, with rounded corners. The face bears in prominent characters the inscription, "Post-Office Department, U. S. A. Officially Sealed." In the center of the seal is a head of the Goddess of Liberty. Underlying all is a velvet-brown ground of very minute letters, which, when examined by the magnifying glass, are found to form the words "Post-Office Seal." It is a very fine piece of engraving, and was prepared by the National Bank Note company of this city. The back of the seal will be made adhesive, and it will be used to seal up in an official and authentic manner the correspondence referred to.

The Rochester Union says that Mr. A. B. Lamberton, of that city, has kept a record of the arrival of birds for some years past. In 1872 the first robins were observed there March 28. Wild geese were going north March 29, and snipe were found April 17. That was a backward year. In 1873 robins came March 13, sparrows 17th, blue birds 18th, pigeons 19th. Snipe and woodcock were found at Victor March 28. In 1874 blue birds arrived March 18, and snipe were shot March 21. In 1875 the first robins were seen March 18, and snipe were found April 7. It is found by ornithologists that the male song birds migrate north about a week before the hens, and when not disturbed in a nesting ground, will return to the same place for years. Evergreen swamps are the localities in which the birds are generally to be found first, as they are warmer than other regions, and there are some instances of robins remaining all winter in this latitude in dense swamps. Orioles and bobolinks are the last birds to arrive, and do not greet us with their song until about May 8.

There has been a mild sort of revolution at the Junior Athenaeum Club, in London, which goes to show that John Bull is no more indifferent to the "color-line" than other people. It seems that a certain Japanese, by name M. A. Hachisaka, and calling himself "Prince of Awa," was put up for membership. If the "heavenly Chinese" himself had been proposed with three packs of cards stacked up his sleeves, there could not have been greater consternation. It was clear that a Japanese invasion was threatened; "Prince" Hachisaka would at once introduce Japanese manners and customs, and as many of his countrymen as he could collect, into the club. A grand demonstration was drawn up and signed by about forty members. For days there was no peace at the club, owing to this confounded Japanese. Finally he was elected, and great was the indignation among the anti-Japs.

Alexander H. Stephens, in his illness in Washington, is next door to the room in which Henry Clay died, and within a few doors of the room in which Daniel Webster died. Four doors off is the room in which Crittenden, the Kentuckian, dispensed princely hospitality, and next to that is the suit from which Buchanan went to his inaugural ceremonies.

## TRUST.

I gave my choicest seed to the spring, and it grew and ran; I sowed it in the harvest time, I reaped my golden grain. Content, I held my hope in peace—'Seed-time and harvest shall not cease.'

I bowed above my dead; I buried my heart's cry; I mourned that my loved one should be born to die. My brightest hope was withered then, And nought was left for me but pain.

Yet whither, my heart, despond? Peace! O my troubled breast! I am with Faith's firm trust In this sure promise rest: Content, nor hold my hope in vain—'The dead in Christ shall rise again.'

## A LONDON DETECTIVE.

For a long time I had been on the track of a gang of coiners, which, in my professional pride, I had vowed to capture. More than once I bounced down upon them in their haunts; but all vanished like magic; and being unable to produce proofs, the chief, whom I desired to convict, fairly laughed at me and my efforts.

This naturally gave me considerable amusement. "You have some heat," I ejaculated. "And with some heat I have you, Jim Bradley; but I'm not John Spindler if you do the next."

"When you catch me, hold!" he grinned. "How dare you malign an innocent man?"

Well, it was nearly nine months before I again ran down Jim and his gang; then I detected them in a low, wretched street. The house they used was kept by an old Irish woman.

Having watched the house till I was sure of my game, I went to Scotland Yard, saw the chief, reported my news, got some men, and one dark, gusty winter's night made a sloop upon them.

Leaving the police I had brought at a little distance, I knocked at the door. Getting no answer I stepped back and looked up at the house.

It was dark as pitch, save a faint glimmer in the first floor windows. As I returned I felt certain I saw the blind of the lower room move. Trusting, if I was being inspected, that the darkness and concealment of my identity, I repeated my summons, when, after a long delay, the door was opened by the old landlady, bearing a flaming tallow candle.

"Did ye knock afore?" she said, peering feebly at me. "Sure, I'm just as deaf as a post, yer honor, and I don't hear a bit. Who do you want?"

"One of your respectable lodgers, Mrs. O'Brien," I answered, entering the passage, and putting my foot so as to prevent the door closing. "Thanks, old lady; I won't trouble you further."

Giving a preconcerted whistle, my men came rapidly forward.

"Oh, the peerless old, holy St. Patrick! have mercy upon a lone wretched woman! Oh, good gentlemen, what's the matter, sure?" shrieked the hag.

"aying no heed to these ejaculations, I plied one policeman on guard, and with the others sprang up stairs.

Reaching the landing, I found all dark, save a faint glimmer which issued under the door in front of us. I tried the handle. It was locked.

"We have him this time!" I whispered, exultingly, for I had caught the sound of Jim Bradley's voice. "I have examined the house well, and there is no means of egress either by the roof or the windows. They are trapped. Open up in the queen's name!" I exclaimed aloud.

"Hallo, is that you, my dear Spindler?" cried Jim, from within. "Happy to see you, I'm sure. Remember what I said: Hold me when you catch me, old boy! The time has come to catch your man!"

"I will take care of that, Mr. Jim," I rejoined. "Open, or we shall break in the door!"

"Oh, plaze, gentlemen—dear, good gentlemen, for the love of the saints, don't make a noise. There's a poor soul just partin' this life up-stairs, and his poor young widow's a most distracted. Sorra a word of ye gentlemen may any pily. Don't turn the coiler, nor the pater, sowl, who, sure, has troubles enough."

"Silence, you old croon!" I exclaimed, "and fetch a light, or I'll have you arrested as an accomplice!"

With a regular howl of disappointment, she hobbled away, declaring she would do anything for us, imploring pity for a poor lone woman and compassion for the partin' sowl up stairs.

"I didn't wait for her return. Aware no one could pass us on the stairs, and believing Jim might be trying to destroy the molds, we put our shoulders against the door and drove the lock from the box.

I had prepared for the light to be extinguished and a rush made.

I was disappointed. Jim sat composed at the table with another man, playing cards.

"Hallo! you don't stand on ceremony, John, my friend," he remarked, laughing. "I thought every man's house was his castle."

"So it is, Jim, until he makes it a shield for law-breaking," I answered. "Prove your words, my man."

"I intend to, I hope; so you will consider yourself my prisoner, while I arrest you."

"Please yourself, and take the consequences," he replied, and carelessly went on with the game.

Putting my men on guard, I began to examine the apartments.

I sounded the walls, groped up the chimneys, tried the flooring.

No, not a sign; while Jim Bradley's eyes, under indifference, I own, perplexed me.

"Done again?" I muttered, when I heard a heavy step in the room above.

"What's that, up stairs?" I asked. "You should know by this time," answered Jim. "I can only say that confounded Irish hag is always sorecoiled as a coypu's a dreg, when ain't much concern of mine, as long as he keeps hisself to hisself, and won't grow too loud. 'High, low, same, without even the Jack, Phil,' he added, to his companion, putting down his cards.

The sick man's a ruse, perhaps, thought I.

"Come lads," I said, aloud; "we'll go up."

Regardless of the old woman's entreaties not to disturb "the poor dyin' sowl," we mounted.

The back attic was as bare as bare could be. When I was about to enter the other, the door opened, and a grave-looking, respectfully dressed man crossed the threshold.

"Hush!" he said, in a low tone. "May I ask the meaning of this disturbance? It is most unbecomingly out of place! I am most unwilling to have but a few moments to live. His unfortunate young wife is distracted."

I looked keenly at him.

"It isn't an impertinent question, sir," I asked, "pray you may you be?"

"Who am I?" he smiled. "I am Doctor Alexander, of Jude street, close by. Now, in my turn, you are you?"

I instantly acquainted him with my business. He looked serious and interested.

"Humph!" he said, drawing me a little aside; "I have only visited this place once or twice, but I own I have had my doubts of its respectability. We medical men see strange scenes. Still I don't fancy the poor woman and her husband

have had any connivance with the people below. He is a bricklayer. Though, of course, in such matters you are the best judge. Such persons are capable of all manner of tricks. It is, of course, your duty to make certain. Only, in case you are wrong, be gentle with the wretched wife and mother. Come in."

We entered. The room was almost devoid of furniture, and barely supplied with the commonest necessities of existence.

At one side was a miserable mattress, laid on the floor, and stretched out it was the dying man, upon which the year of death had already settled.

I was following the doctor, when abruptly, he leaned forward, then drawing back, placed his hand on my arm.

"I thought as much," he whispered, "all is over!"

The words were scarcely audible, yet they reached the wife's ear, and she screamed. I shall never forget the scream she gave. Starting up on her knees, she gazed wildly in the face of the dead, then shrieked, turning appealingly to the doctor.

"Oh, no, no; not dead! Don't tell me that! Not dead! Oh, Tom, Tom—dear Tom, speak to me—speak to Lizzy!" And casting herself on the body, she went into violent hysterics.

"Poor thing," said the doctor, raising her. "Pray, my good fellow, take her to a chair, while I close the poor man's eyes."

"That done, he rejoined me. "You want to search the room," he said. "It's a pity that this should have happened at such a time, but duty is duty. Pray, do you quietly before this poor woman recovers. Her trouble is enough without any addition."

Duty was duty; yet I felt like a hard-hearted, mean-spirited cur as I performed mine, and confessed to have lacked my usual acuteness, for more than once the disciple of Galen aided me in my suggestions.

Noting, however, came of it. I could not find a trace.

"Yet I said, 'I'd take my oath the dies are in this house, and it's one hundred pounds in my pocket if I find them.'"

"Then I most decidedly should try," said the doctor. "That sum is not to be got every day."

"No; and I'll keep a watch in this house till I find them."

In the room?" he asked.

"No, I said, quite made of stone. I rejoined, a bit curt. "But I shall inspect all who go out or come in."

"Quite right; and I wish you success, for there is no telling the sufferings these coins occasion."

We then descended and the doctor left, after telling the old Irish woman he would call as he went home on the parish undertaker and give the necessary orders for the funeral.

"Well, I needn't lengthen out my story. I rented the parlor (by compulsion) of the landlady, and established a watch night and day upon who and what went out of and entered the house.

Jim Bradley came and went, of course, unmolested, and chaffed me considerably when he met me, while without the slightest demer he let me visit his room whenever I pleased.

"What did it mean?"

I also made a call now and then on the widow.

Poor thing! she was always crying, and so meek and full of grief as she moved about the room where her afflicted husband was, for she wouldn't leave it, that the sight was pitiable.

The medical attendant dropped in once to inquire how I got on, and shook his head on hearing of my want of success.

I then told my story.

"Sir," remarked Dr. Lindsay, unable to suppress a smile, "I fancy you have not only been duped by a dying man, but also by his medical attendant."

The whole had been a clever trick from the widow to the doctor and "parish" funeral.

Nevertheless, I might have remained in doubt to the last, had not my "pride of place" been so wounded that I did not rest until I had tracked Joe Bradley again, and this time, succeeded in capturing the young disconsolate widow of the dead husband, but the doctor, the greatest rogue of the lot, as it was he who, under his gentlemanly appearance, circulated the spurious coin.

To my satisfaction, I saw them all sent off for a considerable term to Portland, with small chance of a ticket of leave.

There is but one verdict, that is that in thirty-three years Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has never failed to cure a cough, cold or general hoarseness. At drug stores. Price 25c; five bottles \$1.

Medicated Honey cures asthma and long standing cases of bronchitis with the same unerring certainty that it does the simpler and more recent troubles of the throat and lungs. Try it once and prove it. Druggists sell it.

**Pierce's Purgative Pellet.** Have you humor or bile? Hanging round all the while, To bother and annoy? Pierce's Purgative Pellet Will surely expel it.

Does misery invade, And by it all make a raid, Like an owl on a chicken? Pierce's Purgative Pellet Is the right thing to quell it.

For an indolent liver, That seldom or never, Its true function performs, Pierce's Purgative Pellet Has naught to exert it.

Does dyspepsia's deep gloom On your brain's loom, Boding darkness and storms? Dr. Pierce's good Pellet, If you take it, will tell it.

To "get out" and be seen, With its simple and mean, In your system no more; Then buy the nice Pellet, The druggists all sell it.

## Special Notice.

Of the different sewing machine offices in the City of Cincinnati at the time of the introduction of the "New Automatic," the larger portion have been closed, and most of those still remaining are sustained by the extraordinary concessions which are found to be necessary to bolster up a failing trade. The withdrawal of so many companies from the field, together with the vast number of old styles, or shoddy and tattered machines, taken by us in part payment for the "New Automatic," has thrown upon the market such an unprecedented number of second-hand lock-stitch machines of all kinds, that we find it necessary, in justice to ourselves, to reduce the price heretofore allowed by us for any kind of a machine taken in exchange, and we hereby give notice that we will, on and after April 15, 1877, reduce the same twenty-five per cent.

NEW AUTOMATIC S. M. CO., 171 W. Fourth st., Cincinnati.

Nothing in the Quaker City has received more unlimited or well-merited praise from its guests than the Colonnade Hotel, Philadelphia, for liberal management and excellent courtesy.

**ALL NERVOUS**, exhausting and painful diseases speedily yield to the curative influence of Pulvermacher's Electric Belts and Bands. They can be easily applied by the patient himself, and with the most gratifying results. Book, with full particulars, mailed free. Call or address Pulvermacher Galvanic Company, 592 Vine street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Among the ruins of Pompeii, that wonderful buried city, have been recently discovered the relics of an old soap factory. But as ingenious as the appliances seem to have been, they bear no comparison to those of the marvelous establishment wherein is made B. T. Babbitt's Best Soap.

The Grand Central Hotel, New York, is becoming more popular every day, since its reduction from \$4 to \$2.50 and \$3 per day.

## Positively the Best.

Dr. Morris' Syrup of Tar, Wild Cherry and Horehound is the very best compound ever prepared, advertised, or sold by any person, or under any name whatever, for the immediate relief and permanent cure of coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, bronchitis, asthma, and all diseases of a consumptive type. It will thoroughly eradicate these alarming symptoms in one-half the time required to do so by any other medicine. It is purely vegetable, and contains not a particle of opium or other dangerous drug. It never fails. Every bottle guaranteed to perform exactly as represented. Sold by J. H. KESSELMAN, Sixth and Walnut streets, and W. H. Adderly, Sixth and Mount streets. Also agents for Prof. Parker's Pleasant Worm Syrup, which never fails. Pleasant to take, and requires no physic. Price 25c.

## Nervous Debility.

Vital weakness or depression: A weak, exhausted feeling, no energy or courage; the result of mental overwork, indiscretions or excesses, or some drain upon the system, is always cured by Humphrey's Homeopathic Specific No. 8. It tones up and invigorates the system, dispels the gloom and despondency, imparts strength and energy—tops the drain and rejuvenates the entire man. Been used twenty years with perfect success by thousands. Sold by dealers. Price \$1 per single vial, or \$5 per package of five vials and \$2 vial of powder. Sent by mail on receipt of price. Address Humphrey's Homeopathic Medicine Company, 563 Broadway, New York. See large advertisement.

**ROBACK'S PILLS.**—Why are they the best Pills in the market? Because they are reliable, safe and efficient. Purify the blood, regulate the liver and digestive organs, relieve the painful headaches caused by indigestion. For sale by Druggists everywhere.

**PHOSPHORENE.**—Don't place this article in your rat-holes—or place they frequent. If you do you will lose your rats; there will be numerous rat fetters.

**AMERICAN COLOGNE.**—A splendid combination of the odors of the very choicest flowers, fragrant, delicious and lasting. Indispensable to the aristocrat, every lady's and gentleman's toilet. Put up in sprigler bottles. Very convenient for persons traveling. For sale by druggists and fancy stores.

## ELIXIR. WAYNE'S DIURETIC AND ALTERNATIVE ELIXIR OF BUCHU, JUNIPER, AND—ACETATE POTASH.

A New and Valuable Preparation for the Relief and Cure of Gravel, Rheumatic and Gouty Affections, Pain in the Back, Eruptive Diseases, Boils, &c. A sure preventive of the return of Fever and Ague.

Manufactured by the Proprietors, J. S. RUCKSAL & CO.

## RAILROAD TIME-TABLE.

ATLANTIC & GREAT WESTERN. Depot, Fifth and Hoadly. Time, 7 min. fast. Depart. Arrive, Cn'tl. 8:00 A.M. 8:50 P.M.

Local Mail. 8:10 P.M. 9:00 A.M. New York Ex. daily. 9:30 P.M. 5:25 A.M.

LOUISVILLE & CINCINNATI SHORT-LINE. Depot, Front and Kilgour. Time, 4 min. fast. Louisville Ex. daily. 7:00 A.M. 8:00 P.M.

Louisville Ex. daily. 8:00 A.M. 9:00 P.M. Louisville Ex. daily. 8:10 P.M. 8:05 A.M.

MAKETTA & CINCINNATI. Depot, Plum and Pearl. Time, 7 min. fast. Parkersburg Ex. daily. 9:30 A.M. 6:35 P.M.

Parkersburg Ex. daily. 10:30 P.M. 6:30 P.M. Hillsboro Ex. daily. 8:40 P.M. 9:45 A.M.

Louisville Ex. daily. 8:45 A.M. 8:40 P.M. Louisville Ex. daily. 8:45 P.M. 8:40 A.M.

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